

The Janesville Daily Gazette.

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JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1880.

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NUMBER 213

Barnum is looking about for more forging to do.

The question now is, will Forney and Ben Butler disband?

Hancock says he won't be a technical President. Well, there is no danger that he will be.

The United States shipped 117 million bushels of wheat to Europe during the ten months of this year, and have plenty was referred to the executive committee.

Since the "perjured pair" have got into the clutches of the law, the Democrats can now see why forney doesn't pay in a campaign.

The interest in Sara begins to lag already in New York. This is not so bad for Bernhardt, as it is for Abley, who has her under contract.

Governor Smith put another big feather in his administration cap when he made Mr. Cassoday an associate justice. The lawyers of the State applaud his action.

It cost the National Democratic committee \$150 to hire Morey and Lindsey to perjure themselves in regard to the Chinese letter. But this act of Barnum was only on a par with his general management of the campaign.

A meteorite has been seen in Nevada, as large as an ordinary washtub. It is of iron, and when it struck the earth it plowed a deep furrow several hundred yards long. When found it was still red-hot and had set fire to the sagebrush through which it passed.

This is a year of general collapse with the Democracy. The 320 collapsed. The 11 miles collapsed. The conspiracy to fit upon Garfield the authorship of the Morey letter has collapsed. The Democratic party has collapsed, and Barnum's very of fraud is collapsing.

It was hoped that the trial of Dr. Thomas for heresy would soon take place and his case disposed of. But it seems the church is in no hurry to proceed with the trial. It will strike a careful observer that the contest over Dr. Thomas is not one of heresy altogether, but it is over his brain.

No doubt John Sherman would like to return to the Senate. But if he wants to render the best possible service to the country, he will remain in the cabinet. He is worthy of any honor the people can confer upon him, but the place in which he can do the most good is in the treasury department.

This is something to remember, that there is not a State in the Union, excepting Florida, Nevada, and California, where Hancock's vote does not fall short of Tilden's in 1876. There is a significant in this. It shows that the country did not like the blunders of the Democracy, and that the "superb" could not save the Democrats from defeat.

This is the time to travel. The railway war is waxing interesting. The fare is only one dollar from Chicago to St. Louis, and a trip from Chicago to New York or Boston, provided the traveler will go by the way of St. Louis, is only \$5.25. It is expected that the war will keep on for a while, and that the rates from Chicago to the East will be reduced to a mere cipher.

Says the New Orleans Times, Democratic: We do say that the South is obstructing her own interests by placing any further reliance upon the Democrats of the North. This is one of the Republican position exactly. It is one of the issues the Republicans forced in the campaign; and in a few months we may expect to see every leading Democratic paper in the South agreeing with the Republican idea of the Northern Democracy.

The freaks of the human mind are sometimes past finding out. The dread of poverty which often leads men to suicide, is not confined to the extremely poor, who by misfortune and ill-health are unable to keep out of the poor-house, but men of ample means are frequently subjects of dispondency in regard to money matters, and become troubled in mind that they find no relief except in self-destruction. Men of handsome fortunes have become impressed that they were being robbed and would soon lose their property, and have accordingly deprived themselves of the comforts of life in order to guard against want. Another of these strange cases came to light near Schenectady, in New York, a few days ago. An old man, poorly clad, died in a way-side wagon-house. His dress was wretchedly shabby, and his bodily fit almost past description and belief. When the coroner held an inquest over the body, \$239.77 were found in the old man's pocket book. He carried with him a tin box, and when that was opened there were found in it \$19,950 in 4½ per cent. bonds. There were also found on his person a gold watch and a handsome chain. Upon investigation it turned out that the old tramp had been a miser.

Governor Smith is to be heartily congratulated for the wisdom displayed in making so excellent a nomination. It will prove an honor to his already remarkably successful, pure, and efficient administration. It will add still more strength, dignity, and talent to the supreme bench of the State, and will make our tribunal of last resort, a still greater honor to the Commonwealth.

There is some difference of opinion among the Democrats who struck Billy Patterson, and who must carry the blame for the defeat of the Democrats in New York. When Barnum sufficiently recovered from the blow he received on the 2d of November, he cried fraud. John Kelly lays the blame on Tilden's shoulders, and saying that changes the defeat to the treachery of John Kelly. The young men's Democratic club of New York city, held a meeting to consider

this question of responsibility, and following handsomely some of character painting was introduced:

R. S. S.—That the defeat of the National State ticket is due to the treason of 1859, by which the State was dismembered by the madness, folly, blind folly, and treachery of those that John Kelly refers to as the traitors, perjurers, detectable and execrable, of every kind, ingratiating, hypocritical and traitorous.

No one doubted the guilt and treachery of Kelly, but after warm debate and the calling of hard names, the resolution was referred to the executive committee.

It would have been no more than just to the poor old Democratic party had some of the influential papers of the political denomination said before the election, what they say after the election, regarding their party and the management of the campaign. After the canvass opened there was a general chorus all along the line sounding the praise of Hancock and the party. Now that he is defeated, and the Democratic party disheartened and disorganized, the leading Democratic journals are speaking the truth about the party. On the principle of kicking a man when he is down, they proceed to tell what they know of the record of the Democracy. The Louisville Courier Journal, which is Bonham as Bourbon can be, and during the campaign never ceased its praise of Hancock and the Democratic party, strikes at the truth in this fashion: "The Democratic party, which, in 1860, made a wretched attempt to take its own life, and did precipitate the country into a costly, bloody and senseless war, has been floundering about ever since, without rudder or compass; seizing every expedient; catching at every straw; all things by turns, and nothing long."

MR. CASSODAY AND THE SUPREME BENCH.

The Gazette's special dispatches from Madison, yesterday, announcing the appointment by Governor Smith of Hon. J. B. Cassoday, to an associate justicehip on the supreme bench, created a lively interest in this city. So strong was the desire to have Mr. Cassoday appointed, that for several days past public feeling on the subject became intense, and when the news reached Janesville that the Governor had appointed Judge Cole to the chief justiceship, and Mr. Cassoday to the position made vacant by the promotion of Cole, there was general rejoicing irrespective of party, and the heartiest congratulations were showered upon our honored townsmen. Honor has been bestowed upon him who deserves honor. The judicial robes have fallen on a gentleman abundantly able to wear them. It will be doing no one an injustice to say that among all the lawyers in the State, and there are many able ones in Wisconsin, there is no man who will bring to the performance of his judicial functions more talent and scholarship than will Judge Cassoday.

Judge Cassoday was born in Herkimer county, New York, fifty years ago last July. He was graduated at the Alfred Academy, Allegany county, New York, in 1855, and during the next year, took a select course at the Michigan University. In 1857, he came to Janesville with a view of engaging in the law. If he was well pleased with the place, he was here some weeks before he had made up his mind what to do. He kept his plans to himself, however, and after becoming pretty well acquainted with the lawyers, he decided to make Janesville his home, and entered the law office of Hon. H. S. Conger, our present circuit judge. He was industrious, sober-minded, always diligent in his studies, and having an excellent legal mind, his success at the bar was assured.

In 1864 he was a delegate to the National convention at Baltimore. In 1864 he was elected to the Assembly, and served in the session of 1865, and in 1876 he was again elected, and that winter was elected speaker.

The President-elect and others in the room heartily agreed with the remarks of the gentleman of Litchy Prison fame.

BARNUM.

New York, Nov. 11.—Barnum's fraud squeak is dying into a whisper. The executive committee of the Democratic national committee will meet at the headquarters of the committee to-morrow. Monday, when the call was issued, Barnum intended to push the "fraud" issue, but now it is reported that he has modified his plans, and will content himself with issuing a fraud proclamation and abandon the prospect of bringing the matter to the attention of Congress.

The statements also which William A. Taylor of the Democratic state committee has been industriously collecting about the alleged frauds in this State will probably not be presented to the State board of canvassers at its meeting.

MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL.

MILWAUKEE, Nov. 11.—The annual report of the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul railway company to the Wisconsin railway commissioner for the year ending June 30 shows a total income of \$1,425,128; total expenses, \$5,386,708. The company operating June 30, 3,000 miles of road. The company employs 10,384 men; total no passengers during the year, 10; passengers injured, 76; others injured, 74. Dividends paid on preferred stock, \$50,573 on common stock, \$925,257; total capital stock, \$27,683,741; funded debt, \$47,575,500.

THE OFFICIAL COUNT.

The Official Count in California Gives the State to Hancock.

But the Democrats Scratch Judge Terry and Give One Elector to Garfield.

How General Garfield Received the News of the Forgery Exposure.

Barnum's Fraud Squeak is Dying into a Lone Whisper.

A Disastrous Cyclone in Louisiana.

The Annual Report of the Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company.

Terrible Explosion and Loss of Life in a Nova Scotian Coal Mine.

THE RAILWAYS.

Special to the Gazette. Chicago, Nov. 12.—The Atchison road is raising rates to Kansas City to \$5, and to St. Louis \$3; the travel is so great.

AN EXPLOSION.

Special to the Gazette. HALIFAX, Nov. 12.—An explosion in the Ford pit mine at Shillerton, took place at 6 o'clock this morning. Eight miners have been taken out in a dying condition. The mine has taken fire, and from 60 to 200 men are entombed. Another dispatch says only 35 are in the mine. The scene is terrible, and the excitement intense.

CALIFORNIA.

Hancock has a Plurality—Rosencrans Elected Judge Terry, a Bunker Elector. Defeated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 11.—The official canvass of the city vote gives Garfield 19,559; Hancock, 21,477, which makes Hancock's plurality in the State, 122. Rosencrans beats Day in Congress 1,509 votes. Judge Terry runs behind his ticket 205, insuring his defeat.

GENERAL GARFIELD.

How He Received the News of the Forgery Exposure.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, Nov. 11.—General Garfield received last night, just before retiring, information from Cleveland and a telegram from New York, giving him an idea of the confessions of Morey and Lindsey in the Philip case, but he did not understand fully the nature of their disclosures until the morning train brought the daily papers containing a full exposition of the exciting scenes of yesterday in connection with the forgery.

On Wednesday the General said that it was not so much the crime of the forger or forgers that required exposing as it was the putting up of a wicked job. He evidently had in mind the thought that the National Democratic central committee, or prominent Democrats who possibly did not belong to that body, had originated the scheme, and the Associate Press dispatches of this morning showed that his surmise was about correct. General Garfield read the revelation of the trial from this morning's Leader aloud to General A. D. Straight, of Indiana, and others, who were present in his "workshop." Both the President-elect and his audience were highly pleased at the exposure of Democratic villainy which the dispatches contained, and the reader several times emphasized expressions, especially referring to the National Democratic committee and particular members of the Democratic party.

"Well," remarked General Straight, "the good Lord has furnished the Democrats with everything they could have asked for the purpose of cutting their own throats."

The President-elect and others in the room heartily agreed with the remarks of the gentleman of Litchy Prison fame.

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GENERAL D. C. HOWE.

At the 2d Annual Convocation of the Beckford Knitting Machine Company, held at the Hotel New Haven, New Haven, Conn., on Friday evening, Nov. 11, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That the Beckford Knitting Machine Company, in view of the

A CYCLONE.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—A dispatch from Shreveport says a cyclone passed over Kenton, La., yesterday, literally demolishing the town. Prof. Reynolds, of the Baptist church, was instantly killed, and a large number of persons injured. The destruction of property is said to be very great, many houses being completely demolished.

RUN OVER AND KILLED.

LA CROSS, Nov. 11.—A man by the name of John Johnson, while walking on the track of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, near the elevator in this city, at a late hour last night, was struck by a switch engine, receiving injuries from which he died to-day. His residence is unknown.

POSTOFFICE ROBBED.

APPLETON, Nov. 11.—The Appleton postoffice was entered by burglars at an early hour this morning. Two mail bags were cut open and about three-lined letters opened and what money they contained stolen. It is thought a large quantity of mail matter was carried off. The loss cannot be estimated. The government money and stamps were locked in a vault. There is no clue to the perpetrators.

J. E. Newcomb, of Toledo, Ohio, says: I have been greatly benefited by wearing an Excelsior Kidney Pad, and would recommend all persons troubled with weak kidneys to fit it—See Ads.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Peoples DRUG STORE.

COR. MAIN and MILWAUKEE STS.

A. J. ROBERTS, Proprietor.

A general stock of pure drugs and Patent Medicines. The finest assortment of Hair, Cloth and Tooth Brushes, dressing Cases and Hand Mirrors, which

I am selling at wholesale prices.

All kinds of Toilet Preparations, fine Bath and Toilet Soaps, including "Yosemite Bouquet," the finest Perfumed Toilet Soap made. The largest and best assortment of Perfumes in the city. Also a fine line of imported and domestic Cigars.

ACT I. Infatuation, (Morning.)

ACT II. Adoration, (Afternoon.)

ACT III. Consumption, (Evening.)

There will be no Advance in Prices:

Reserved Seats—

Admission—

Box Seats—

Gallery—

Seats may be secured four days in advance.

SATURDAY, Nov. 12th, at Monday's Music Store.

ATTRACTION NO. III.

DAVY CROCKETT!

BY J. D. CREDITION

OFFER TO THE PUBLIC

Special Bargains in Wood and Marble Top Chamber Stools.

BY N. B. WE OFFER THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

PARLOR and DINING ROOM FURNITURE.

BY N. B. WE OFFER THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

OUR FLIRTATIONS

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the favor of Almighty God, the year now closing, has been propitious for abundant harvests and fish rewards to all forms of industry. By His favor, the blessings of health, of peace, and of security the person and property have been continued unto us. By His favor, the honor and the prosperity of our State and Nation have been confirmed, and civil, religious and political liberty for ourselves and our posterity, preserved.

In grateful recognition of these and other innumerable benefits, and conforming to the recent proclamation of the President of the United States, in that behalf, I, WILLIAM E. SMITH, Governor of the State of Wisconsin, do hereby appoint

Tuesday, the 26th November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty.

By the GOVERNOR:

HANS E. WARNER, Secretary of State.

A LEAP YEAR STORY.

"Dorothy—Dorothy Waldo!" screamed Miss Lorraine Cross ("cross by name and cross by nature," the children—yes, and many of the grown-ups—of the neighborhood declared her), as she pounced upon the huge loaf of bread which she had taken from the oven and put into the big stone crock only half an hour ago, just before she turned her straight-up-and-down back on the kitchen, to stalk to the garret after "that idle hussy, Molly"—the maid-of-all-work—"who had been twice as long as she ought to have been making the beds there!"

I said the huge loaf. I should have said half the huge loaf, for only that proportion of the newly-baked bread remained.

"Dorothy—Waldo-o-o!" again screamed Miss Cross, in an ascending scale, with an ominous tremor on the last note.

"Yes, aunt!" replied a sweet, fresh young voice; and a pretty young girl came in from the garden with a basket of cherry-red currants in her hand.

A tiny thing she was, with round, dimpled, rosy face, innocent child-like blue-gray eyes, and fair hair, some short tresses of which had escaped from the braid into which they had been bound; and were making a delightful use of their freedom by emulating the most charming manner about the low frank brow and little pink-tipped ears.

About "sweet sixteen," a stranger would have pronounced her; but Dolly, as her youthful companions, much to the disgust of her aunt Lorraine, called her, was older than that by a year and a half.

An orphan at the age of twelve, she had been left to the care of the only relative she knew, her mother's elder sister—a woman hard in speech and manners, and anything but soft in heart. This maiden lady soured irreversibly on her twenty-fourth birthday, which should have also been her wedding day; but at the very moment she was fastening the orange blossom in her hair had come the news that her betrothed had eloped with the girl friend she had chosen for her bride-maid. Lorraine tore the bridal wreath into fragments, and scattered it to the winds; never mentioned the false pair from that hour, banished forever all the womanly grace and tenderness she had ever possessed (truth to tell, she had never possessed much), and became the hardest worker of her sex that ever worked upon a farm. In a man's boots, coat and hat, early and late, hot or cold, wet or dry, with set mouth, lowering brow and silent lips, she toiled side by side with her sturdy old father, until the day he was struck down by the pitiless sun, and died a few hours after—died just in time to be saved the pang of hearing that his youngest and favorite daughter was lying at the point of death, widowed and friendless, in a far-away city. Lorraine buried her father—if she wept for him, none saw her—promoted a man who had been long in his employment to the position she used herself to occupy, and started for her sister's bedside. When she returned to Fernville again, she brought dear little, fair-haired, soft-eyed Dorothy with her, and some of her neighbors fancied that since that time she had been a shade less stern; but if she had been, it was so slight a shade that it was almost impossible to perceive it. True, she did less out-of-door work, and devoted part of the time thus saved to teaching her niece to sew, and cook, and churn, and other like accomplishments; but never were the lessons accompanied by an approving smile or kindly word, much less a loving kiss. Even to the gentle, winning child, Lorraine Cross remained a cold, stern woman. But Dorothy, God bless her! was so sunny in disposition that the stern ways and dark face of her aunt could not cloud her young life. And though shut out from that inflexible woman's heart, she found the doors of all other hearts wide open to her. The dogs, the cats, the hens, the chickens, the horses, the cows, the calves, the very grass, regarded her with adoration. The farm laborers blessed her pretty face whenever she came among them; and to "Molly"—poor, hard-worked Molly!—she would have kissed the round little feet trod upon.

What wonder then, that Dan Howell, the young surveyor, who lived half a mile away, in the old stone cottage, and whom she had known from the very first day of her arrival in Fernville (when he, then a tall, bright-faced boy of fifteen, passing her aunt's gate, and seeing the sad-looking little girl in her black dress, standing by it, silently offered her the prettiest white rabbit she had ever seen)—rabbit he had been cooing Abner Brown for a month past to sell him, and which now he parted with without another thought, at sight of those lovely tearful eyes and that sweet wistful face!

What wonder, I say, that he "thought of her by day, and dreamed of her by night!"

But to go back. Dorothy came smiling into the kitchen, her lips and cheeks as red as the currants she carried; but the smile faded away when she met her aunt's stately gaze.

"Did you eat this loaf and leave it here in this hot room to dry to a chip?"

demanded Miss Cross; and then she added, emphatically, without waiting for an answer: "But of course you did. No one else would have dared to do it. And how dared *you*, knowing that I never allow bread to be cut in my house until it is at least a day old?"

"I am very sorry, aunt," began Dolly; "but he looked so hungry?"

"He!" screamed her aunt, regarding her with a look of horror. "You gave it away then! And to a 'he'! A tramp! I've no doubt, who will come back some night, rob the house, and murder us all!"

"Please, aunt," entreated the young girl, "don't be so angry. He wasn't a tramp; indeed he wasn't; but a handsome young fellow with long golden hair."

"A wig!" scolded Miss Cross.

"...and the most beautiful blue eyes," Dolly went on. "I ever saw in all my life. And he wasn't near the house. And he didn't ask for anything. Oh, do listen, aunt, while I tell you all about it. I was on my knees in the path, picking up some currants I had let fall when I saw him, through the hole in the hedge. Brownie's calf made the other day, coming slowly up the lane."

"If you had been looking at what you were doing, you wouldn't have seen him," said her grim listener.

"He didn't see me, of course," said Dolly, "or I shouldn't have looked at him so intently. And, oh, Aunt Lorraine, it was just like looking at a picture!"

"Stuff!" said Miss Cross.

"He was so handsome and so dusty, and so shabby, poor fellow! And he sat down under the old tree, took a crust of bread out of his pocket, and began to eat it as though he was very, very hungry. That went to my heart."

"Auburn!" said her aunt.

"And I got up softly, and ran into the house, and cut a slice..."

"A slice! Great grief!" interrupted Aunt Lorraine. "A piece big enough for the breakfast of a whole family!"

"Your obedient servant, F. J. & P. H. Warner, Boston."

"Dolly's lovely eyes opened to their widest extent. "A chick?" she exclaimed, and with trembling fingers tore open the second envelope, which was also addressed to her, but in a different, more elegant hand; and sure enough there was a check—a check for a thousand dollars, payable to the order of Miss Dorothy Waldo. And on a slip of paper which had kept it company were these words: "In payment for a slice—a very large slice—of bread and butter." And that's all the young girl ever knew about it.

For one moment she stood dazed with joy and astonishment. The next she thought of Dan. Perhaps he had not started yet. How could she get to him through the deep snow? Steigh-bells again. Farmer Beers coming back without the wood. She ran out into the lane. "Oh, do take me with you!" she cried, to the great surprise of the honest old fellow. "I must see Dan—Mr. Howell, I mean. I must see him as soon as possible."

"Jump right in, my dear," said the old man, "and I'll have you at the stone cottage in a jiffy."

Away they went, the gray mare making excellent time—for her; and as they neared the house, Dolly caught sight of Dan just leaving it.

"Dan! Dan!" she called, her clear young voice ringing on the cold air, and madly waved her crimson shawl.

Dan turned, saw the bright flag and her sweet face below it, and came bounding over the snow in time to receive her in his arms as she jumped from the sled.

"You couldn't—no, not if you guessed forever," she said, half crying and half laughing. "You couldn't guess what brought me here this morning."

"Whatever it was, Heaven bless it a thousand times!" said her lover.

"It is—leap-year, you know, Dan."

"Yes, now I think of it, it is. But it can't be possible you have come here to propose to me?"

"Very possible, indeed," answered Dolly, slowly and deliberately. "Mr. Daniel Howell will you marry me?"

"Mr. Daniel Howell's" only reply was to fold her in so close an embrace that, being the tiniest of maidens, she almost disappeared from view.

"And has Miss Cross?" he began, when the pretty blushing face, all dimpled with smiles, was again raised to his own.

"No, she has not," interrupted Dolly. "She knows nothing about it. But it's all right, Dan," carefully tucking something with her dainty left hand—Dan held the right—into the breast pocket of his overcoat. "You may come and see Aunt Lorraine as soon as you choose. You didn't know it, Dan dear, but you've got a thousand dollars!" *Harper's Weekly.*

"Aunt, I have told you again and again," said Dorothy, frintly but gently, "that I never would. I have not forgotten my mother's last commands."

"Then don't be encouraging that Daniel Howell to meet you every tack and turn; and if you must have some one to walk home from church with you—I can go and come myself, think Heaven!"—there's Abner Brown, and he has a thousand dollars in the bank!"

"But, aunt, I've known Dan so long, and he is away so much, that when he is at home I feel as though—I mean, I wouldn't like to hurt his feelings."

"Bah!" retorted the grim matron. "Men have no feelings. And as for knowing him quite long enough."

"But if he had the thousand dollars, instead of Abner Brown?" questioned Dolly, with more spirit than she had yet shown.

Sold by A. J. Roberts, and Craft & Sherr.

sweet lips. "And now good-by: I am going away again to-morrow, to be gone I cannot tell you how long. Oh, Dolly, Heaven speed the time when a little wife shall be waiting with the old father and mother at the stone cottage to welcome me home!"

She raised herself on tiptoe, clasped his face between her two tiny hands, gazed into his eyes with a wealth of tenderness in her own, and said, "Who knows? Good fortune may at this very moment be on my way to us."

And the very next day, January 3, 1880, as Dorothy, with a crimson shawl thrown over her head, was out in the garden scattering crumbs on the snow for the sparrows, she heard the jingle of sleigh-bells, and Farmer Beers came down the lane with a sled-load of wood. "Morning, Miss Dorothy," he called, as he reined up at the back gate.

Here's a letter for you. They thought it might be important, at the office, and so, known how keeping I be, and that I was comin' this way, they asked me to fetch it to you." And the old man tossed the letter over the hedge, into the girl's outstretched hands, and drove off.

"A letter for me!" said Dolly, in tones of the greatest amazement. "Why, I never received a letter before in all my life!" Then she turned it about, and inspected it curiously. The envelope was a common large yellow one, and bore the printed address of a law firm in an adjoining city, as well as her own address, written in a plain legal hand. "Who can it be from?" wondered Dolly; and then opened it, to find her question but partly answered. A sheet of blue paper and a smaller envelope were inclosed. The paper contained, in the same hand which had addressed the letter, these lines:

"Miss Dorothy Waldo:

"DEAR MADAM—We send you the accompanying check in compliance with orders received to that effect, and in payment for the services which we represent. Please acknowledge receipt."

"Your obedient servant, F. J. & P. H. Warner, Boston."

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THE GAZETTE.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, at \$7.00 Per Year by

THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY,

OFFICE ON SOUTH MAIN STREET,

JANESVILLE, — WISCONSIN.

THE CITY

NOTICES FOR THIS COLUMN WILL BE CHARGED FOR FIFTEEN CENTS PER LINE, FIRST INSRIPTION, AND SIX CENTS FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSRIPTION, IN DAILIES, DAILY AND WEEKLY TWENTY CENTS FIRST, AND TWELVE CENTS EACH SUBSEQUENT INSRIPTION.

It's no advertising dodge of Putnam & Ellison. They mean business.

DEMOCRAT'S new and popular patterns, for fall and winter, at George Stockton's, Ask for catalogue.

There probably never was an invention that was so universally accepted as a good thing, insuring absolute safety to the user, as the new Harris & Smith Safety Lamp, which is now for sale in lamp stores.

GROCERIES.—Putnam & Ellison intend closing their stock of Groceries, and in order to do so will sell goods for the next thirty days, or until they are closed out at cost. People wanting goods at cost, will do well by purchasing of them.

I will rent my house and furniture during the coming winter to a small family on reasonable terms. Apply to Mrs. H. L. Barlow, No. 24 Cherry st., Fourth ward.

A full supply of Justice Return blanks, to the County Board (new form) on hand at the Gazette office.

FOR SALE.—A new Mosler, Baumann & Co. safe, weighing eleven hundred pounds, can be seen at GAZETTE counting room.

FOR SALE.—One of the celebrated Improved Howe sewing machines, new and in perfect running order, price low, at the GAZETTE counting room.

FOR SALE.—One set of Howe's celebrated sliding poise, platform scales, just received from the manufacturers, can be seen at the GAZETTE counting room.

You can get one set of Victor Platform Scales, new, at GAZETTE counting room at a bargain. Call and see them.

LOCAL MATTER.

Ladies and Gent's Stationery. For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, &c., at reasonable prices, call or Sutherland's Bookstore, 10th and Wisconsin.

Over 1500 Howe Scales sold. Borden, Sellick & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill.

Go to A. J. Roberts for Mrs. Freeman's New National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Price, 15 cents. J. J. Lyle.

MANKIND RESTORED.

A victim of early intemperance, now recovering, represents he has, after having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a single means of salvation, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address H. G. LEVINE, 49th Street, N.Y.

Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

Will send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts to the afflicted upon 30 days trial. Speedy cures guaranteed. They mean what they say. Write to them without delay.

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the excesses and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a receipt that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. Joseph T. INMAN, Station D, New York City. — jau2dewd-wt

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use it in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle.

We Come Again With
SPLENDIDS!
TO GREET YOU.

Palmer, Warren & Co., Troy, New York, made and sold more Bass Burners, in 1859, than any other house in the world.

SPLENDIDS!
N. GRISWOLD

Sold more Bass Burners than any other house in Janesville.

SPLENDIDS!

We have more orders booked for the same, so far for 1860, than ever before are to date.

We have a large stock on hand, but to be sure of the best stove in the world, place your orders now, or you will be disappointed, as it did fast season, and be obliged to take up with some inferior stove.

We also sell a line of other

Heating and Cooking STOVES

As good as the best and cheap as the cheapest. We also do Work of all kinds, from a Galvanized Iron Corse, up to a Sausage Machine. Call at 50 North Main Street.

sep25daw

For Sale.
Forty Acres of Good Land

In the town of La Prairie, Rock county, Wisconsin. For particulars call or address ANGIE J. KING, No. 8 West Milwaukee street, Janesville, Wisconsin.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.	Arrives	8:33 A. M.
From Milwaukee and East.	Arrives	1:55 P. M.
From Chicago, Milwaukee and East.	Arrives	1:50 P. M.
From Chicago, Milwaukee and East.	Arrives	3:50 P. M.
From Chicago, Milwaukee and East.	Arrives	6:20 P. M.

Verona at Clinton Junction, west bound.

Day Express.....10:58 A. M.

Night Express.....10:31 P. M.

Accommodation.....3:20 P. M.

Day Express.....3:10 P. M.

Night Express.....5:33 A. M.

Accommodation.....10:58 A. M.

W. H. NOYES, Agent, A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Chicago & Northwestern.

Trans at Janesville Station.

GOING NORTH. Depart.

Day Express.....10:30 A. M.

Fond du Lac passenger.....1:15 P. M.

GOING SOUTH. Depart.

Day Express.....2:30 P. M.

Fond du Lac passenger.....6:55 A. M.

APTON BRANCH.

Arrive. Depart.

Beloit Accommodation.....11:45 A. M.

Apion Passenger.....2:30 P. M.

Apion Accommodation.....8:15 P. M.

M. HUGGETT, Gen'l Supt.

W. H. SPENNETT, General Passenger Agent.

BRIEFLETS.

—Set up something hot.

—The Guards had about twenty men at drill last night.

—The Temperance Band gives a dance at Apollo hall to-night.

—The County Board finished its labors to-day noon, and adjourned.

—About the only way for a Democrat

to get a smile is to take a smile.

—The County Board has allowed A. Hyatt Smith \$800 for his services in the Dickson case.

—Roberts, the dry goods man, has planted a new post and gilt-lettered sign in front of his store.

—There are a good many horses running away now at the nose. Too much epizootic altogether.

—The new true roof which is crowning Myers' new building is one of the most stalwart yet built in this city.

—Rev. J. M. Bell, of Bismarck, Dakota, gives a free lecture in the Court Street church to-night on "Frontier Life."

—Arrangements are being made with the view of starting another laundry here. A first class one, and on a good sized scale.

—Dr. Sanborn has just had made for him by Hodge & Buehholz a single, open phaeton, which has beauty as well as ease and durability.

—The upper part of Bennett's new block is rapidly approaching completion, inside blinds and paint being about the only things now lacking.

—The Concordia Society had a pleasant private party, last night, at which Anderson's band furnished the music. It was a joyous occasion throughout.

—The annual meeting of the Rock Compy Bible Society, which was to have been held next Sunday night in the Congregational church, has been postponed one week.

—Turner, the photographer, is having his sidewalk show-case put under treatment, and it is in a fair way to recover from the effects of its wrestling-match with the wind, in which it was thrown down and broken.

—Bur Robbins will open in a few days a sale stable and general trading headquarters, at the large stable on Bluff street, formerly occupied by Towle's livery, and located just back of the Gazette office. If you want to trade anything from a large jack-knife to a small elephant, there's your place, and there's your chance.

—The County Board after a careful consideration of all the facts and figures has decided that the cities of Janesville and Beloit have been assessed too high in proportion to the rest of the county, and the equalization now adopted by them makes Janesville's assessment \$76,000 less than its assessment last year, and Beloit's \$29,000 less.

—Barney Macneal, who so lately appeared here in "The Messenger from Jarvis Section," was arrested in Indianapolis, last night, for non-payment of an old debt of \$1,374 due on the building of his Opera house in Louisville. At midnight he had failed to get bail, and the manager of the troupe says Macneal is simply playing for him, and has nothing.

—The Atlanta excursionists now show with pride various stereoscopic views taken of the camp and surroundings, and various scenes of the trip. Those of groups on Lookout mountain are particularly startling. The excursionists are hanging onto the rugged edge in all sorts of shapes and seemingly liable at any time to go all to pieces and be scattered in the seven States, in to which they gaze. It's a sort of dizzy picture.

—Dr. J. B. Whiting had an old shot gun stolen from his barn some weeks ago. Now it comes to light that one boy stole it, sold it to another, who traded it off, and there is a good prospect for the missing links to be found and the gun restored.

—These juvenile sneak-thieves are getting to be altogether too plenty for a city of Janesville's enlightenment. The home government needs bracing up.

—A Mother's Society has been formed in Chicago, one of the objects of which is to prevent cruelty to children. Societies for prevention of cruelty to animals have been long in vogue, and we are glad to see one step higher taken. Nor for still another step up, by the forming of a Children's Society for the prevention of cruelty to mothers. The old man can look after himself for a while, until they get around to him.

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—Associate Justice Cassiday is the recipient of about as many personal congratulations and handshakes among his old friends and associates here, as a man of ordinary physical strength can well stand up under. Everybody here rejoices at this honor worthily bestowed upon a worthy man, and they have to give vent to their jubilance in a handshake at least. The happiest feature of it all is that the thrill of delight is not

confined in by the limits of this city or the boundaries of this country, but extends through the State. No wonder then that the new Associate Justice is besieged with handshakes and congratulations whenever he turns.

—We are in receipt of the November number of the Wisconsin Journal of Education, which is full of good reading matter for teachers. In the editorial department is an interesting and spicy answer to the criticisms of a St. Louis Bay editor upon the English used by Superintendent Whitford in his circular on the compulsory education law. One difference of opinion between the editor and the State Superintendent, is whether the latter is correct in directing his letter to "District School Boards," or whether it should be "School District Boards." Those who delight in discussing words and their use, can take this for a bone as they sit around the base burner in the evening; and when they get through with that, there is another, which we find in the same number of the Journal. In the sentence, "Lincoln fell by the hand of Booth," in what voice is the verb fell? One at a time.

—If there is any one thing which an ambitious and full fledged society youth takes pride in, it is the receipt of a finely engraved, elegantly put up invitation, and the pride increases in proportion to the scarcity of those of his comrades who receive like invitations. He got one such the other day, and had hardly time to glance at its contents in the postoffice before he began waving it in triumph in the faces of his chums who had received none. It was an invitation to a high-toned wedding in a neighboring city. The whoop of triumph had hardly lost its echo, when one of the chums examining the printed bangle, discovered the fact that the invitation had been mailed after the wedding was all over, giving the mortifying hint that the sender fell under obligation to extend a courtesy, but extended it in a manner which put the personal attendance of the recipient beyond possibility. That young man don't crow any more until after he examines the dates.

—It's rather discouraging to attempt to spin even a good story in the presence of "the gang" now-a-days. One will gape another pretend to fall asleep, another will wake off, and another will ask questions. One brave fellow plucked up courage to tell a startling fact, even while the boys hung around the cracker barrel, picked coldish, and whittled toothpicks. The old game of interruption was tried once or twice, as it had been before, but didn't succeed, as the hearers really got interested, and forgot all about the gaps and the questions. They became very much interested, became a little excited, leaned their ears a little to hear how it was coming out, but just as the exciting crisis the story teller began to stammer, repeated, and finally broke down, leaving the crowd on the anxious bench of curiosity. He left them hanging there, and quietly walked off with the remark—"Well, boys, this interruption game isn't a game of solitaire, is it? Can't two play it? Ta—" They haven't found out yet how that story came out.

THE WEATHER.

Reported by PRENTICE & EVANS, BOSTWICK.

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